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THE FISHERMEN'S SAINT

BY SIR WILFRED GRENFELL

BOOKS BY SIR WILFRED GRENFELL

A LABRADOR DOCTOR
ADRIFT ON AN ICE-PAN
YOURSELF AND YOUR BODY
LABRADOR LOOKS AT THE ORIENT
WHAT CHRIST MEANS TO ME
LABRADOR, THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE
ADVENTURE OF LIFE
DOWN NORTH ON THE LABRADOR
DOWN TO THE SEA
HARVEST OF THE SEA
LABRADOR DAYS
MAN'S FAITH
NORTHERN NEIGHBORS
TALES OF THE LABRADOR

THE FISHERMEN'S SAINT

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BY
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FOREWORD

The address contained in this book was delivered on the occasion of Sir Wilfred Grenfell's installation as Rector of St. Andrews University, November, 1929, and it has subsequently been prepared for the press by him.

In presenting Sir Wilfred for the honorary degree of LL.D., Professor Blyth Webster said:

"Our last three rectors spoke to us in turn of courage, independence, and adventure. Their successor, whom we admit to honor to office now, has shown these shining qualities in a lifetime of danger and devotion to his fellows in hard places. To sub-Arctic seas and lands where life is a silent struggle

against cold and hunger, night and space itself, he took the virtue of his Cornish stock, the fame and fighting temper of his folk, the all-round tradition of his school and college, his athletic record and his Rugby Blue, his medical and his mariner's skill, his selfless surrender and dedication of his self. What befell him there with boat and dog and sledge, his tally of peril and endurance and escape, might have come to us from long ago, from saga days and saga men.

"Of his forty years of work for deep-sea fishermen in the northwest Atlantic, and thirty-six in Labrador and northern Newfoundland among the floating fishers of the summer and the resident settlers of the coast, the world knows the results—the hospital ships and hospitals, the seamen's homes and orphanages, the co-operative stores and shops, the schools,

the libraries, and all the multifarious energies and organization of the Grenfell Mission. Labrador has been said to mean 'land of labor.' I present as Rector-Elect for laureation the laborer of Labrador, toiler of the deep, tiller of human soil, helper and healer of the lives of men."

THE FISHERMEN'S SAINT

I HAVE no illusion that my rôle in life qualifies me for the rectorship of a university. As a surgeon mine has been an objective approach to life, and my time has been spent among people so close to the breadline that always I have had to acquire the habit of carefully weighing evidence as to what is the actual value of any particular course of action. Will it repay the outlay? Even when I accepted the great honor which you conferred upon me, this had to be uppermost in my mind—could I make the next half-hour worth your venture, and also my own, in crossing the Atlantic especially for this occasion.

I can have nothing to offer this famous seat of learning except the experience of having tried to put in action the teachings you have so often listened to here; "I" being an average man who happens to be preparing to get off the stage just at the moment you are coming on it. The only cloud on my horizon, while cruising the Labrador coast this autumn, was whether this venture might not prove to be but the baiting of a polar bear north of your ancient Roman Wall. How can I expect to add to your stock of art, science, or literature, when I know that anything new along those lines discovered even while I was slowly wending my way hither across the ocean would already have come to you by plane or wireless? Moreover, I was especially warned that a sermon would not be tolerated; indeed, in my youth in "op-

pressed England," I had always been taught that Scottish universities were of themselves so inspirational, that any man, however poor, could walk in at one door with nothing but a bag of oatmeal, and out at the other a David Livingstone.

I cannot offer you a "best seller." All that I can bring to you is a pill from my dispensary. But I am encouraged to do so by two things; one is because I have known a "career" to be influenced by a pill, and the other that my own principle has always been, when two paths are open, to take the more venturesome. That principle guided me when I sailed forty years ago for the coast of Labrador, and it guides me now in coming here to St. Andrews. It is my hope that I may commend to you the spirit of venture as a life principle; for no university can give you education, only current in-

formation and a trained mind. Your education is the outcome of your mode of life and must depend upon your own choice.

As a young man the lure of athletics hit me hard, and to-day I never regret even the training it involved in the London streets after dark, or the indignity of being put out of the public park, into which I used to climb early in the morning to secure a suitable space in which to practise throwing the hammer without endangering disinterested passers-by. The value of a controlled body and lessons of endurance were well drummed into me at home, and, in a way that I can never forget, by a dear old professor of geology of the name of MacIntosh. He had always hoped that one day he might be found worthy of being selected for some pioneer expedition, so he used often

to go without food for two or three days, and sleep out on the beautiful heather of the Scottish hills. That object is the only part of his teaching that remains with me. His academic information has already been superseded.

In my "hobble-de-hoy-hood" down in the old Cheshire seaport by the Sands of Dee, where my home was, one day I was shown by the village doctor a human brain, which he extracted from a glorified pickle jar. Its extraordinary convolutions and its gelatinous consistency, apparently of such dubious value for its great objective, suggested a courage which fascinated me. The desire to know how it did its work led me, the first ever of our family, to study medicine.

To-day I am but the spent runner, handing the torch to you, who are burst-

ing with greater potential for the race than ever I had, and I am trying to say *Moriturus vos saluto.* I believe the greatest discovery of science and the greatest revelation of religion is that the making of a better world is given to us human beings. The glorious prerogative of youth is that the future lies ever in its hands.

It was old Seneca who said that what youth needs most is not more philosophy but some personality to imitate and follow. He suggested Socrates. Our world to-day prefers Another—the only human being who ever claimed that those who followed Him would receive the light of life and the real good of every seat of true learning. Yet, is it not an odd thing that immediately that name is mentioned, an audience at once suggests to itself, "Now we are in for a ser-

mon," and says it in the spirit of the child who, after listening to his father preach on it being "more blessed to give than to receive," asked him, "Did you really mean that, or were you only preaching?"

Possibly it may relieve your minds somewhat to know that life has left me no chance to devote time to either psychology or theology, or to any of those "ologies" of the lack of which, on such an occasion as this, I am only too painfully conscious. But I have never believed in cubbyholing life, and I see the spiritual and the physical in the same box, with no boundary between sacred and secular. To me the joy of life is the measure of its force, and achievement the measure of its joy; and anything I may say rests on what experience has taught me. It leads to the best of times

in life and is the only road to the smile that, even at the end, never comes off. Any asceticism which in the least injures the physical machine, of which the mental machine is part, is to me abhorrent. Moreover, if a man does not love his job he will never do it really well, and had better get out of it.

As a surgeon, most of my own deductions come from observing persons. This is my reason for having selected as a basis for my argument the life of a man, and a very common type at that, but a man whose record was made on the basis of following another humble man, a village Carpenter of Galilee. Andrew is the patron saint of fishermen, amongst whom my work has lain for forty years. Moreover, Andrew is not only that; he is also the patron saint of this University, of the whole of Scotland, and of Russia

as well. Andrew of all others was the ordinary practical man of everyday life. It has been said that you could invite anybody's children to tea with Andrew. Alas, saints are sadly unpopular in these days, and timid friends, hearing of this venture, specially warned me not to offend here a bogey called "modernism." Well, we are all modern when we come into the world and for just as long as the calendar allows us to be. So I hope to escape by speaking to you not as modernists now, but only as to those who will be, like myself, back numbers when the current of life and thought has rolled on a little further.

My personal field of experience has been amongst fishermen from the Bay of Biscay to the North Cape of Norway, and from the English Channel to the North Cape of Iceland. I have fished

with the men from Gloucester in Massachusetts and cruised with the sealers and whalers of Greenland and Hudson Bay, with the great codfishing fleets of Newfoundland, with the salmon catchers of British Columbia, and I have ventured out with the tarpon fishers in Florida, and our Oriental brethren on the Inland Sea of Japan. I have visited with the floating fishermen along eight hundred miles of the Yangtse Kiang, and fished from the open-bottomed catamarans off the Coromandel Coast. Mine has been a marine campus, but its problems are the same as those which confront you in your lives on the land. Using the word "university" of fishermen in the old Roman sense, I gladly acknowledge that its ignorant and unlearned alumni have taught me vital truths, which I did not know and could not learn so long as, like

so many "youngest" inhabitants, I remained quite infallible. For I want to repeat that it is one of life's splendid challenges, and its greatest glory, that for good or evil not even the most humble "working man" can live to himself. Only a clam can do that. Now I am forced to believe that "mere working men" have taught me more than many cathedrals or universities. It was in just such a *university* that Andrew and his comrades learned to believe the great truth, that each of us is a citizen of the whole universe. This truth, put into action, enabled them to shame the theory of heredity and environment which teaches that the value of life is limited by the breeding of the body or by purely intellectual standards.

In history little is taught of Andrew. I regard the four gospels as being at least

as good history as any other. Anyhow, probably the less of real facts written about most men, the better. At least what is recorded of Andrew is perfectly credible to-day. The stereotyped paintings of the old saints have never interested me. Visits to the great art galleries of Europe have always left me thankful that, if sacred pictures of holy men are true to life, at least my soul may not have to look at life's problems through bodies and clothing like theirs. Such a prospect would cure most young men to-day of any aspiration to sainthood. The modern mind rejects increasingly the kind of faith that, seeing a picture of a lady dressed in Victorian skirts, remarked, "It is hard to believe that they had legs in those days." Truth involves us in nothing contradictory to that common sense which I prefer to call divine. Myths

that have passed as truths can no longer impress any one.

"Andrew" means simply a strong, healthy man. We think of him as we do of our own fishermen—whom I have often looked up to and admired, as I watched them hauling up the iron anchor chains through the ice after their vessels had been frozen in for the winter, and doing it with bare hands; or when they have been slinging a two-hundred-pound barrel of flour out of the hold, handling it much as we would a small suitcase. They are men who can do things. Andrew also must have been a capable man with a boat, as our fishermen are, self-reliant, resourceful, able to endure hardship, brave in physical dangers, as men who "do their business in great waters" inevitably become. Thus Andrew is always pictured as a

lovable man. It has been well said that the boy who can handle a sailboat alone in a seaway has received an invaluable start in real education. It is generally accepted of the "handy man" of the sea, that—

> If love's the best of all
> That can a man befall,
> Then Jack's the king of all,
> For they all love Jack.

Unlike Paul, Andrew possessed that great asset, a healthy body, a possession that repays any outlay, and one that in these days most of us can possess if only we would control it. Theodore Roosevelt, by the power of his will, made his weak physical frame into an ideal of fitness, and the world loved him for it. Moreover, these physical machines for interpreting life's impulse we can mechanically extend so as to reveal to our

brain worlds unseen and unheard that lie around us, and perceivable by none of our unaided senses. The world of germs is revealed by microscopes, of stars by telescopes, of electrons, protons, and endless sound and light rays by still more elaborate methods. But the ability to appreciate the simple statement, "Behold the lamb of God!" still, as ever, has to come of character.

Andrew was a real student, dissatisfied with the hollowness of religion as he found it, and keenly sought reality. He thought of things besides fish, even though "there was no money in those thoughts." It has been suggested that he had been sent up by his comrades to market a catch, or at least that on some business, possibly as a delegate, he had gone to Jerusalem. As we have no reason to suppose Andrew slothful or dilatory,

upon learning that John was at the Jordan, he finished his task early and spent the odd day hurrying along the Jericho road to hear him. On some of the hearers John's message did not make half the impression as the bell for dinner. Andrew, in his way, was a student prepared and able to understand—and our fisherfolk to-day think more of the meaning and future of this life than do most college or business men. What Andrew learned did not at once make him either unpractical or infallible. He didn't begin talking about "no more sea," but went right back to fishing.

A visit I made to Andrew's home, Bethsaida, and also to his place of business by the Sea of Galilee, showed conditions which are much like those of Labrador to-day. Our patron saint certainly never had the privilege of a red gown,

a mortar-board hat, or a public school. He was ignorant and unlearned, even in the current science of the year 1. But my apology for devoting time to him is that I am certain his experience is a valuable one for us. For what he learned in the only university which he ever attended, namely that of life, both Scotland and this University have recognized. That knowledge enabled a man, with infinitely fewer academic qualifications than those of any of us, to graduate *Summa cum laude*. In spite of all our privileges, can any of us expect a sainthood or a patronship?

For two hours one day, while sitting on the golden sand, I watched a dozen shaggy, brown, black-bearded fishermen of Palestine, naked but for their loincloths, casting their nets periodically into the sea. They toiled, as Andrew did on

one famous night, but caught practically nothing. The Governor, who spoke Arabic, was with us. He called to the fishermen, and then asked me to tell them how to catch at one draft all the fish which they had taken in those hours. With a long stick I drew in the sand a picture of our trap nets and trawls. There was much buzzing and head-wagging when they squatted around in a circle, pow-wowing about it afterward. Before we left their wiseman told the Governor that if they "caught so many fish to-day, there would be nothing to do to-morrow." Yet, we count even them to be mentally in advance of Andrew.

I am not a philosopher, and I do not know who was right, Plato or Socrates, Descartes or Kant, Berkeley or Herbert Spencer. What concerns us now is that the teaching of Andrew's Teacher was

that experience, and not pure reason, is the surest road to truth. He indorsed the conclusion of Seneca, and of the world's most profound philosophers, that not only is empiricism our only path to absolute truth, but, also, that religion is but the way of life. This University has indorsed Andrew, not because of any intellectual achievements of his, but because of the results which this teaching produced on his "career." Nevertheless, it is comforting that the increasing knowledge of to-day helps us to realize that scientific and spiritual discoveries are really identical.

One of the first things which every one loves about Andrew is his impulsiveness. Some people consider it a mark of weakness to be easily led, and Andrew did jump to conclusions, as, for instance, when he listened once to a wild-looking

man talking in the wilderness and then dashed off to share his "great find" with his brother. You in Scotland will sense that this characteristic has its dangers. On the other hand, it has greater opportunities for helping the world than the too calculating mind and the "you can't tell me" kind of person. There is an honesty about it which endears the possessor to one, and it also implies the venture of a sportsman. President Wilson, in addressing the United States army and navy before their departure for war, urged them—"Please leave out of your vocabulary altogether the word 'prudent.' Do not stop to think about what is prudent for a moment. Do the thing that is audacious to the utmost point of risk, and you will win by the audacity of method when you cannot win by circumspection and prudence."

The world loves the man who sometimes makes mistakes better than the ninety and nine who never stray. In reality the terms "Christian" and "good sportsman" are synonymous. It was, after all, his own father who kept the fatted calf for the prodigal son. The truth is, one cannot get anything worth while or anything permanent in this world without paying for it. Ought we to expect it in any other? It was Andrew's fearless and unselfish spirit which made him the patron saint of Scotland, while Judas' spirit brought him to contumely and the gallows. Let us thank God that Andrew was the commonest type of mankind. Most of us are not born either leaders or geniuses. Both of course are valuable, though genius *per se* is apt to isolate one from one's fellows. It is well said that "God must have great

use for the average man, He made so many of them."

Again, our fisherman saint had no social position, or scarcely a "baubee." I see him searching in his pockets, if he had any, and concluding, "Silver and gold have I none." I expect that his material assets were less than those of the least of us here to-day; yet no part of the world has yet elected for its patron saint any plutocrat, not even so great a philanthropist as our former rector, Andrew Carnegie. Lincoln, a common rail-splitter, is fast becoming the patron saint of America. The world of Andrew's day rated at less than no importance whether a group of fishermen followed and hobnobbed with a peasant carpenter, or did not. The crowning of a Herod or a Cæsar appeared of infinitely greater moment to it. Judging by results, what

would you say was the value of the form and ritual of even the installation of an Archbishop of Canterbury compared with the potential of a single student today making a decision like Andrew's? Whatever it was that Andrew learned from his Teacher, and whatever it cost him to put it into practice, it paid him well in realities, and it has meant and still does mean infinitely much to this world. A man can be born a peer or even a king. But no man can be born a saint. Sainthoods can only be won by works.

Andrew was not born a saint any more than I was. He would have been the first to resent any such suggestion; for he lost hope and courage, and yielded to fear exactly as we all have done. Something changed him, however, from the man who ran away from another Man's

cross into one who, legend tells us, ran to meet his own cross on the sands of Patras. It could only have been one thing which caused that. Such action had to be born of experience. It was largely the experience which he and his comrades had after the famous Passover feast in Jerusalem. Rightly evaluate his reliability as a witness, and we should remember that this man never was paid one penny for the evidence he gave concerning this remarkable right-about-face, which was really the beginning of his greatness. He was rewarded only with kicks and blows and, finally, death.

How few realize that this natural world is unnatural enough not to run on logic but on emotions. What would the world be like if life were run on the absurd theory of the mathematician that

two plus two *always* makes four? All the world's noblest deeds have been based on emotion: witness our cenotaphs to the willing dead! Naturally, it amazes us to think we do not know it all and that some minds must always differ from ours, as did the Pope from Martin Luther, or Charles the First from Oliver Cromwell. Thank God the world is slowly learning that because two men think differently, neither need be wicked. A volunteer deckhand on our hospital steamer asserted that the starboard light was red. He still thinks so; but now we use him perfectly well below decks where he ably helps the ship on her way. Achievement is not necessarily the result of meticulous intellectual convictions. A Scotch medical colleague of mine used to have sent out to him in Labrador a food strange to us, which he called

haggis. He would argue with my prejudiced English mind that the proof of the pudding was in the eating.

Previous rectors of this ancient seat of learning have extolled Courage, Independence, and Venture. All these are certainly required of us if we are to honor our Patron in more than words. For we, even in 1930, are still forced to walk through life seeing "as in a glass darkly," by faith, not by vision, until by experience each one shall make that faith into knowledge. Only then can faith be unnecessary and "vanish away." What experience has taught me is that this faith is nothing but reason grown courageous; and I am convinced that when a man has the courage to say "I will" or "I will not" among his comrades, he has gained a greater essential of the education which is needed to make him of real value to

the world and to himself, than if he knew more current science than most men can ever hope for. An Englishman named Philip Snowden has lately gained considerable esteem in Europe by his simple ability to say and stick to the one word NO. Some power enabled Andrew to do just that.

This control of soul over matter is so patent a fact that we do not need to go to Dr. Coué, or psychiatrists, or mental hygienists, to learn it. Hosts of physicians are using that truth all the while, and those who do not are already back numbers; for with civilization the diseases like "nervous prosperity" which it can cure are steadily on the increase. One case, culled at random from my notebook, illustrates how immense is its influence. In this instance mind was stronger than matter to an extent that is

regarded as impossible by most men. We were cruising with the fishing fleet off the entrance to Hudson Bay Straits, when a half-masted flag summoned me on board a schooner. Lying in a mass of filth in the cabin was a beautiful girl of eighteen years. She had shipped to cook for the crew, and had no relatives on board. I shall never forget her face, the contrast of her blanched skin against her dark eyes and curly raven hair. She had prematurely given birth to a babe at sea, without any help in her time of need. Having carried her aboard our hospital ship we steamed to the land, operated on her and left her in care of a Moravian missionary's gentle wife, and then proceeded north on our voyage. No mail steamer went so far north, and when at last we returned to pick her up and carry her south, she showed no signs of any

physical illness that we could discover. Yet she told me, "I shall never live to reach home." As the days went by she just faded away. I buried the body myself on a lofty headland of that bleak shore, and over the grave we erected a simple wooden cross.

I see no escape from the duality of modern science. My body is but an altered form of ether, for use just in this particular cosmos, and only very, very temporarily mine; which is strongly suggested, for instance, by the fact that our skin changes every month. Indeed, I may possibly be addressing Andrew in the flesh again, for they tell me that his bones were brought here to Muckross by St. Regulus in the fourth or fifth century.

Some men worry whether their body will rise again. Which body? Does any

one with a memory want any of his old bodies over again? There are plenty of brains, and bodies as well, which I could name that I should prefer even now to my own, and at least the physically handicapped, the blind, the paralyzed, the deformed are all of the same mind. Again, if my bodily machine is only a form of energy, as it seems it must be, then possibly it is even now a loan from the so-called spiritual, but in an altered form so that our senses can recognize it. Alas, that we are only the modernists of 1930! What will our rector be saying about it here in 2030? Of one thing we can be certain, namely, we know that we are scarcely even babes in knowledge. In reality what every man knows lies within himself. I know that I am greater than my body or the materials of which it is made because I can use and control

both of them. Who shall say that Andrew is dead? What evidence is there? This gathering and this University to-day suggest very much the reverse. As all the evidence is against there being any waste, what right have we to suppose that there is any death? Millions of men are so confident Andrew is not dead that they still seek constantly his help, and moreover believe they get it. Indeed I am hoping we may get help from him here to-day through this expenditure of energy. He is certainly influencing us at this moment and, though being dead, yet speaketh.

It is sadly true that I have had to watch my own patients sometimes pass beyond the bourne of our physical senses. But I have seen no reason whatever to assume that it meant their annihilation. Quite the contrary. Again from my

note-book comes the case of a man completely paralyzed, all but his head. Because a cord in his neck happened to be torn across, why should I think he was no longer the same personality? On his part, he stoutly insisted that he was he. Another patient, with both legs and arms cut off through a railway accident, was equally confident that he was "only a bit cramped," and the magistrate accepted this on oath and allowed him to make his will. Resurrection has become almost intellectually intelligent since Andrew's day. It satisfies my brain to think of it simply as "relaxation," or the freeing of my etheric body, which exists now, from the material liaison machine of this cosmos which appears itself to be only a form of ether. This thought makes even a co-existence comprehensible. Each new discovery of science such as movie-

television, for instance, helps our minds to new visions of possibilities. Thus, in a dark room in a stone house with every entrance closed, we watched a number of girls dancing "somewhere in the United States." The demonstrator suddenly exclaimed, "What do you see?" "A picture of girls dancing on a screen." "But there is no picture and there is no screen." We insisted we could see the girls dancing. Suddenly the machine slowed down, the girls and the picture disappeared. Nothing but a tiny dot of light remained in the darkness, dancing over innumerable small glass lenses set in a large frame. The picture we saw was the result of our minds interpreting varying lengths of ether waves. I have seen our Eskimos try to pick a moving picture off a screen. Their conviction could only be altered by experience.

They could not believe what they saw, otherwise.

I feel sure that Andrew would have laughed if he had been told that even the air of his room was full of "things," real things—with mass and momentum —though some of his five senses could not perceive them. And what is more, we "modernists" have only admitted this fact ourselves because wiser minds than ours have invented a few paltry machines to supplement our strictly limited bodily senses and to extend their range. In Andrew's day such high faith was not even credulity or "creedulity," but insanity. Those who proclaimed it would have been considered "beside themselves." Our ancestors would have burned us as witches. But now Fellows of the Royal Society, or of similar scientific bodies, men like Newton, Clerk Maxwell, Ed-

dington, Lodge, Millikan, Thomson, and others protest the scientific reasonableness of it.

Perhaps Andrew's senses did perceive his Master's presence after His crucifixion, and perhaps we have not more but less faculties than they in those few special days of tension. Those ignorant men certainly did conceive of their Master, after what they believed to be death, as passing through the walls of their houses —of being recognizable—and still revealing the same personality. They were willing to die for that. The dogmatic atheist is, after all, trying to do the impossible in proving a negative. Perhaps these fishermen were not so "unscientific," after all. Andrew once took for himself, that is, chose to accept, this faith in eternal life. The world knows what he did with it, and it with him. It

was that which enabled him to be the loyal, dogged follower he proved himself, and to put all he had and was into living up to it. Meanwhile, if Sir. J. J. Thomson is right and life did come on this earth in the form of nitrogen and formaldehyde, we are grateful indeed to add this, or any new grain, to our exceedingly limited knowledge. At the same time, no one has suggested that physics can ever explain the metaphysical in man. There is nothing derogatory in making choice and not intellectual apprehension our jumping-off point; that is the prerogative of manhood. Our basis for action, or for the series of actions that constitute real life as against existence, must still, as with Andrew, be deliberate choice, a venture. At the close of a clinic in North Labrador on board the hospital steamer some twenty-five years ago, an

ignorant fisher lad of nineteen came aboard. No, he did not want any medicine. What he wanted was "learning," of which he had none whatever. To get that he was content to give ten hours a day carpenter's work for one hour a day of instruction. Two years ago we opened a large, modern fireproof hospital, built of reinforced concrete and steel, centrally heated, electrically lighted, with modern plumbing, and every possible equipment, from a fine laboratory with radium, X-rays and solarium, downward. That boy, with none but Labrador assistants, built every bit of it without aid from outside. In his case determination to learn was a matter of choice, and here experience as always justified that method as rational. Faith is adventure always until it becomes the conviction of experience. The Master's

call to Andrew was just this challenge to chivalry, not a mere caution to seek self-insurance.

Perhaps the most unusual characteristic of Andrew was that he never resented being left out. Probably the bedroom of Jairus' daughter would not hold many fishermen, so Andrew was not invited in. In any event, he was left out. At the Transfiguration some one had to be left behind, and again he found himself omitted. Perhaps to leave out Andrew, who was the first working disciple, showed the rest that there was no favoritism. Anyhow, Andrew did not "grouse." He was not looking for slights or for reasons for complaining. And this good nature was in no way caused by timidity, but by courage; it is most winsome and therefore a valuable asset to any one.

The dictionary says that civilization means an organized community reduced to order. The recent visit of a MacDonald to America is a recognition of the fact that force and fear never reduce to lasting order. That can only come when all men are willing to forego rights. Andrew was not the kind of man who would pay a policeman to let him park next to a hydrant, or to get cocktails for a dinner to girls and boys. Fighting is the negation of real civilization; it is the hall-mark of the jungle. Andrew's self-effacement is actually a bigger reality than battleships. History, like personal experience, proves this. Can it be only an outcome of my long familiarity with fishermen and poor folk that makes me fear that self-forgetfulness is a virtue not fostered by too many possessions? One winter night I was caught out in a

blizzard with my dogs when I was returning from a long-distance call. Losing my way, I came about midnight to a tiny cottage belonging to a complete stranger. After hammering at the door I saw a faint light appear, and soon the door opened and I was blown inside by a perfect hurricane of bitter cold and snow. In a few minutes the good man was dressed and out in the dark, in the deep snow and biting cold, chopping up frozen seal meat for my dogs, while his wife was "boiling the kettle" for me. When the meal was over I was shown to a feather bed. Before leaving next morning I discovered that they had given me their bed which they had begun the night in—the only one in the house—and had themselves slept on the cold floor by the dying embers in the little wood stove. When I said good-by, they

refused any kind of remuneration. That is real civilization, and such people to me are modern St. Andrews. Is there any valid reason why we should not all be saints? I do not admit that the fisherfolk of Galilee were one iota better than ours of Labrador. I do not believe it was by chance that Andrew chose Philip and Nathaniel for his special friends. I like to think that he purposely chose them, for our friends are of vital importance to us frail human beings. How was it that the whole Christian Church sprang from these few appallingly simple men?

Our patron apostle was a man who naturally imputed good motives, not bad ones, to everybody. Thus, when a number of tourists were determined to see Christ, they happened to come across Philip; they worried him, probably rightly, and he went to Andrew for ad-

vice. "Of course they want to see Him; of course He will see them," was Andrew's attitude, and he himself at once took them to the Master. Another time it was his Master who was in difficulty. A vast multitude had followed Him out into the wilderness, and were starving. Andrew came across a small boy with some bread and a couple of small fishes. He could not have thought that his Teacher could get out of the trouble by feeding the whole lot with them, but he was eager always to do his share, and did not care if he did make a fool of himself if it did some good. Experience proves a thousand times over the value of this attitude to others. Suggestion to the other fellow that he wants to do the right thing goes a long way.

In these days of speed some expect to put the world right in a moment. But

centuries have failed to free us even of our appendices. Prohibition has done much good in America, and has come to stay, but there are still convictions for drunkenness in the United States.

So Andrew was better than merely impulsive. He was a man who neither said nor did anything behind any one's back, even when he was not included in the Garden of Gethsemane. Like the Roman sentinel, erect in his place as the molten lava fell upon him, he was loyal *usque ad mortem.* Absolute loyalty to duty, to an ideal, to a person, is a rare asset. It banishes fear and is infinitely valuable. It is one thing in a changeful world that is essentially divine—essentially a characteristic of Andrew's Master—only of such was it said that "he who follows me shall have the light of life itself." As we have noticed,

somehow our patron recognized his Friend after what he certainly considered His death, in the ordinary connotation of the word. He regarded this as perfectly natural. It was thought of merely as "the body of gratification"—a view we are rapidly coming to as a possible scientific explanation—only another etheric clothing of the soul. To-day we have our larger knowledge to help our unfaith, whereas Andrew and his company could only speak meekly of their, to them, unmistakable vision as being "truth revealed to babes." Revelation, I take it, is a temporary bridge across a gap which instinct and intellect are at the particular time unable to compass. We are recognizing much more of it as science than many of us, who do not keep abreast of modern thought, are aware of. The increasing modesty of

science is the greatest wonder of the last quarter century.

We now know that etheric waves can motivate nerve terminals, for light rays stimulate the optic nerve ends, and so we move. Our other senses require what we now call material rays—very probably of the same nature ultimately, however, if we only knew it. There are those who now believe that the day will come when the blind will see with their ears and the deaf hear with their eyes. "Matter," says L. P. Jacks, "is the first stage in our apprehension of spirit. Spirit is matter fully apprehended." To Andrew it was, of course, simplicity alone that made the revelation possible—but his Master approved of this acceptance as "by a little child." Is our refusal of the same venture from fear, from wisdom, or from selfishness? Andrew's reason suggests

that it was a worthwhile adventure. More than once having lost my way on the wild, snow-covered barrens—yes, and in a blizzard on the darkest of nights —I have been fool enough to trust the intuition of a dog to bring me out, and even that bit of foolishness has confounded the wise.

What lasting pleasure it is to give sight to a blind man! For eighteen years a consulting oculist from California and New York came to Labrador every season, entirely at his own expense, to give sight to many modern blind fishermen. Oddly enough, his name was Andrews, and when he passed on he left a note to say that in the doing of it he had been amply repaid. His monument consisted of simple things which are logically the greatest sources of joy in life. If we are mere machines passing into nothingness,

experience led him to the conviction that the best joy in his life had been in finding a job that he was needed to do, because otherwise it would not be done at all.

Is it a final fact that we do see only with our eyes? Many blind folk besides Helen Keller talk of seeing. How often we cry joyfully, "Oh, I see!" but the vision came to us by invisible rays.

I once met the blind president of the Royal School for the Blind, who was behind his son on a bicycle for two, on the summit of a lofty pass in Norway. The first thing he said was, "Is this not a marvellous view?"—and that without any surgical cross-switching of the living wires within his brain machine. There are lots of things that "eye hath not seen, or ear heard, and which have not entered into the heart of man." Only since pre-

paring this manuscript for the press has man seen a new planet.

In Scotland many, like Andrew, have been convinced that things ordinarily invisible to physical senses have been revealed to them. Is there not a suspicion of immodest infallibility in our dubbing as either fool or liar such eminent observers of physical facts as Sir Oliver Lodge, scientists like Clerk Maxwell, eminent in so exact a science as mathematics, simply because our eyes cannot see what their eyes have seen? At the same time we are forced to admit that their thinking machines have "seen" many other truths which ours will never be able to discern. Surely revelation is not a synonym for credulity, nor for silly shackles either of thought or of effort. I would admit, however, that it can come only to earnest men—men like

these men, and like Andrew, who are willing and ready to receive it.

Of course there are limits to the capacities of the half-ounce of protoplasm which forms our brain, as to all else. Science itself has now recognized "natural units," such as a unit of temperature of two hundred and seventy-five degrees below zero, or a unit of velocity of one-hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second. Beyond, our minds cannot experience. They are merely natural units, of course, not real limits, made of the nature of our present environment.

But how utterly ridiculous for us little folk in 1930 to say there are no other bridges to the appreciation of truth just because we cannot yet cross them ourselves!

Andrew, the simple fisherman, was so

sure of his own personal experiences that he gladly staked his very life on his observation, and for no material return. Observation is a mental activity rightly rated high, especially in Scotland, and what more can any man do to seal the certainty of his conviction than to lay down his life for it! Judging by results, shall even the youngest of us think that our great patron made a foolish investment founded on a myth? Were the founders of this great University, who indorsed Andrew's action by their own sacrifices to make our splendid Alma Mater possible, also fools or knaves? On what basis are investments made to-day on the Stock Exchange and yet considered rational? On knowledge that is absolute? on infallibility? or on faith? By what gauge will you justify your prescience in *not* having invested in

Henry Ford's original shares, or in Courtauld's Rayon Silk shares a few years ago? What would the game of life be in a world where everything was absolute and arbitrary and without that individuality which makes life a glorious field of honor instead of a sordid tragedy? We of the western world must surely all indorse St. Andrew's venture of faith. For we especially of all the world have benefited by his experiment in the laboratory called life. All that this thesis insists is, that by every scale by which we know how to grade things, it was a wise course Andrew took, and one that a rector still has a right to offer to this University.

Per contra, let us never forget that our teachers and professors of current science are rendering us yeoman service in our struggle for truth against stultifying superstition, against cruel conventions,

or the offensive and parasitic connotations which have almost made the word "faith" stand as a reproach to any scientific mind. All real seekers after truth are the world's greatest hope against the worst enemies of faith in man's great destiny—a destiny which is the only possible apology for life itself on this planet. Education is rightly a word to conjure with. But we have learned not to limit its meaning to acquaintance with the so-called facts that can come weakly to any man, especially in penny numbers of journals. True education involves leading men out of and beyond themselves. Would St. Andrew have been better "educated" if merely more crammed with the "modern facts" of his day? That has never been the limit of the aim of this University. Rather, it has ever been trying to inspire its alumni with this

very impulse and power that once made a common fisherman into a saint, and by sending out its students with vastly increased mental capacities to extend in the twentieth century the influence which Andrew, without that advantage, had in the first. My own faith is ever that so marvellous is this human life of ours that (I say it reverently) God Himself cannot save the world without us. This is for me infinitely sufficient explanation of why we are here.

Lest there should still linger in your minds, ladies and gentlemen, resentment that this is a sermon and not a rectorial address, that all this about the spiritual being real and matter being etheric is unworthy of a modernist student of this ancient seat of learning, let me remind you that Professor Eddington, certainly one of the greatest living scientists, has

recently said, "A sonnet is no less real because you cannot extract the square root of it."

Only a few years ago I sat at the feet of teachers who were leaders of the world's thought in my own profession. Yet, if I were to practise to-day what they taught me, I should be in jail and not on this rostrum. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* Viewed from this standpoint the very swiftness of the current makes any apology for faith superfluous. As I picture Andrew, he was educationally, socially, financially, and probably sartorially, a negligible cipher. Mentally, he was a very simple average man. On the other hand, he had an impulsive, lovable nature, never knew when he was slighted, and possessed a loyalty that he carried to the last ditch. Though he was ignorant and unlearned even in the

science or philosophy of the year 1, nevertheless he was educated, a man led out of himself—unselfish—a man of character—generous and thoughtful for others, always putting himself last—a true gentleman in the very highest meaning of the word. He was a man strong in body, capable in business, of controlled will, yet obviously a man with all our own capacity for fear, for suffering, for failure. Yet, something came into his life that made this simple fisherman a world hero and benefactor through all the succeeding ages. Something entered his life. What was it? I protest it was nothing but a most sublime faith that was born of courage and made absolute conviction by experience. For this faith, there is no question, he deliberately and gladly chose to live and die. He was a man who realized the importance to the

whole world of each tiniest cog in the wheel, and so he threw all he was and all he had into life. He was a man who sought no title or honor or riches for himself, who was perfectly content to be designated as "Simon Peter's brother," just because his ideal was that of his Master—no less than that he might be everybody's brother.

In closing I may not forget that I am a doctor of medicine and that all this time devoted to consultation must be marked by a practical issue. What method shall we adopt to enable us to attain to that perfect manhood which has led the ages to evolve this average man? Shall we laugh at him? Shall we merely acclaim him? Or shall we follow him?

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